



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XI.—NO. 31.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1799.

WHOLE NO. 551.

HORRORS OF OAKENDALE ABBEY.

[Continued from our last.]

"LAWKADAY!" said the woman, "you might sleep with our Mary-Ann for the matter o' that; but if so be, as you have lost your friends, or missed your way you'd better go up to the Grove; could Madam has a power of money, and is main good to strangers. When John comes home from work he'll go and shew you the way."

Laura thanked her, but said, "she had rather stay where she was, at least for this night, and perhaps she might get them to shew her the way to the Grove in the morning."

During this time Mary-Ann had given the alarm to the little republic, and several ragged children were gathered round the door. The good woman soon dispersed them, and telling her daughter to bring in some fire-wood, she set about making a cheerful blaze, which gave her cottage such an appearance of comfort, as a more splendid apartment seldom exhibits:

"The cricket chirraps in the hearth;

"The crackling faggot flies."

Laura felt herself pleased, and safe, which brightened every object before her; and she was contemplating the simplicity of the whole, when a rough-looking, hard-featured man, who was the owner of the cottage, made his appearance. His wife said to him, "Master, here is a gentlewoman comed to stay all night with us; but I'd fain persuade her to go up to Madams."

John stared at Laura, but said nothing; when she ventured to ask him, how far they were from Oakendale?

"Nine miles," said John; "and I would no go there at this time o'night for all you could give me."

"Nor I neither," thought Laura to herself, surprised that she had walked so far.

"No," said the wife, "that is a fearful place by all account; such frightful sights ha been seen there, as makes a body shake but to think on; and bloody murders ha been committed there formerly no doubt!"

If Laura was satisfied and pleased with her host and hostess, they were not less so with her gentle manners and obliging behavior; and entertained no suspicion to the disadvantage of their guest, whom they pressed to partake of the best they had to produce; and she joyfully shared the coarse, but clean, bed of Mary Ann.

The next morning, not knowing where to bend her course, and thinking she should be more secure from Lord Oakendale's search, should he be disposed to make any after her, under some safe protection, she listened to the advice of the cottagers, and begged they would conduct her to the Grove, where resided the good lady of whom they had spoken so highly, and whose name was Greville. The Grove was situated about a mile from the cottage, and the towers of an ancient structure peeped from between the lofty elms and oaks that encompassed its structure, and gave it its name.

As they approached the mansion, Laura ruminated on the mode of introducing herself to the lady of the house, and could devise no better

than by declaring the truth, and entreating her protection, which from the cottager's reports she was encouraged to hope would not be denied her.

When they arrived at the house they were received by the house-keeper, a comely looking woman, about fifty years of age, dressed in a plain old fashion style, with a bunch of keys by her side. When Laura requested to be introduced to Mrs. Greville, the house-keeper asked who she was to name?

Laura blushed, and a tear started into her eyes upon the recollection that she knew no name to which she had any just claim; and, with a sigh returned, "I have been taught to believe that the name of Unfortunate will introduce me to your lady, and secure me a favorable reception."

The house-keeper, glancing an eye of pity on her, led the way, and introduced her to Mrs. Greville, a venerable old lady, who, taking off her spectacles, politely said, "I have not the honor of knowing you, young lady; but that, I dare say, is owing to the defect of my sight and memory."

"Alas! no," replied Laura; but here her forlorn situation recurring to her mind too forcibly to be suppressed, she again burst into tears. Perhaps this was the best introduction she could have chosen, as a passport to the tender heart of Mrs. Greville. She looked at Laura with the eyes of pity, and taking her by the hand, said, in the kindest accents, "Sit down, young lady, and compose yourself; you seem fatigued, and shall take some refreshment before you gratify a curiosity, which is, I own, strongly excited, and be assured, prejudiced in your favor."

Saying this, she dismissed the house-keeper for some chocolate; and, in the mean time, Laura so far recovered herself as to say, "Dear Madam, you see before you a forlorn creature thrown upon the world, without country, friends, or fortune, to protect me; not even a relation from whom I can claim either name or affinity!"

"Then," said Mrs. Greville, "surely you are the more entitled to the protection of strangers."

Laura thanked her by the most grateful acknowledgements; and, having drank her chocolate, began the following history of herself:

"My infant remembrance," said she, "furnishes me with ideas of a country different from this. A gentleman, caressing me, in scarlet clothes, with a sash and gorget, and other glittering appendages, dazzled my young sight, and made an impression on my memory like a distant dream. I can recollect a beautiful woman snatching me to her arms when the gentleman was gone; and, as she kissed me, the tears fell from her eyes in drops upon my frock. I remember too that I was called Laura. The next circumstance that dwelt upon my recollection, was that of sitting upon the lap of a black woman, who told me I should see my papa and mama no more; that I must be very good, and she would love me. She taught me my prayers, and the meaning of words; but she omitted to tell me my name. She treated me with great tenderness, and I conceived an affection for her. Soon after she put me on board a ship with several people of my own color; and,

after hugging and embracing me with great affection, she left me. I cried after her as the only being of whom I had any knowledge, and I could not easily be reconciled to any other. The motion of the vessel first made me sick, and then lulled me to sleep. When I awoke I cried again; but was soothed by some women on board, and told that I was going to see my relations. I soon grew accustomed to the ship, and to the people about me, although I was too young to understand any of their conversation, or know whither we were going. As far as my early age, and distance of time, would allow me to judge, we were some months at sea; when one morning I was frightened by a confused noise, which was followed by a continued firing of cannon. The whole ship's crew seemed in alarm, and I was huddled, with the rest of the women, into a dark part of the vessel, which I had never seen before. Every one seemed terrified, and felt the contagion of fear, though I knew not what we had to dread. In a short time a number of men, who spoke in a different language to that I had been used to, and were almost without clothes, rushed into the place where we were confined and began to drag the women about, in whole screams and cries I joined: All appeared in confusion, when two or three better dressed men came, and, speaking in a commanding tone, there seemed to be more regulation observed; but they did not trouble themselves with me, except to shut me in with the rest.

"Previous to this ceremony, and upon hearing a shout, in what afterwards knew to be the French language, one of the women took a sealed packet from a trunk, which she said belonged to me, and with a string fastened it round my body, telling me (for I shall remember her words) that was the only testimony of my name and parentage; adding, that I must never let any body take it from me. Her intention was no doubt good; but she would no doubt have done better to have taught me my name, and so impressed it on my memory, that I might not now have been the destitute and forlorn creature I feel myself; but I was then too young to observe the omission.

"Soon after this we arrived, as I supposed, at our destined port, where we were dragged out of the vessel, and put into waggon; when, after a tedious journey of several days, during which I suffered cold and hunger to the extreme; we were at length brought to a large city, which I heard was Paris. If I was before wretched, though at that time I felt the sensation without knowing by what name to describe it, how much was my misery increased when we were all crammed into a French prison!

"On my first being taken out of the waggon, a tall frightful man, with a wide mouth, held me in his arms, and made a motion as if he would eat me! I was terrified, and cried; but no cries were regarded, and we were hurried into the prison, which contained some hundreds of wretches like ourselves. My clothes and linen were of a finer texture than those of my companions; I was therefore, regardless of my cries, stripped, and clad in a very coarse and filthy garb. I held the

paper, which was tied round me, fast with my little hands; but I was brutally forced to relinquish my hold, and it was wantonly torn from me. After this I remembered nothing for many days; I turned my head this way, and that way, to avoid the stench of the prison; but could in no direction find a wholesome air. When I recovered, from what I suppose was a fever and delirium, I found myself stretched upon a wretched bed with several others, and some of the dead bodies were removing to their last abode. I understood none of the language, and my first wish was for fresh air. As I was lying in this miserable condition, a gentleman entered the room, whose countenance and appearance was different from any I had seen before. He felt the pulse of some of them, and spoke the language I understood. I wished to attract his notice, and my eyes followed his countenance whithersoever it turned. At last he approached the bed on which I was laid, and, coming to the side of it, examined my features with attention.

"I longed to speak to him; but I had scarce strength, and still less courage to make such an effort; but when he took my burning emaciated hand in his I ventured to clasp his fingers whilst the tears streamed from my eyes.

"He tenderly returned the pressure, saying, "Poor child, to whom dost thou belong? and what is thy name?"

"I faintly answered, Laura; and I am very sick. He gave me something which he poured out of a bottle, and which seemed of a reviving quality; and when the person, who attended the room three or four times a day, and locked us up, came in, he conferred with him several minutes in the French language; frequently pointing to me as he spoke.

"The next morning an old woman, whom I had before seen busy about the bodies of those that died in the room, came and took me from the bed, washed me, and put upon me some coarse but clean linen, led me out into the air, and gave me some better refreshment than I had lately tasted. I was then put into a coach in which sat the gentleman I had seen the day before. He spoke to me in the kindest accents, and I endeavoured to shew my gratitude by a thousand childish endeavours.

"When the coach stopped, I was led by my benefactor into a handsome room, where sat a lady of a most benign countenance: "This my dear," said the gentleman, leading me to her, "is the poor child of whom I spoke yesterday, and whom you have so kindly consented to receive; she has been very ill and is weak at present; but I am sure she has a grateful heart."

"I paid my respects to the lady in the best manner I was able; and she said, "Poor thing, she shall be taken care of; and I think she looks like a gentleman's child." I felt my heart glow with pleasure at this observation; and I will confess, that it gave me more delight than all the caresses they bestowed.

"In a few days I was still better habited; and I told my benefactors, whose names were du Frene, all that I knew and could remember of my history. They had no children, and they conceived a parental regard for me, which I returned by the most filial affection. They were French; but he was of English extraction, and both were Protestants. He had resided many years in Paris, where he practised surgery, and had been in high repute in that profession, and which he now followed from motives of humanity rather than from lucrative ones, as he was in very good circumstances.

[To be continued.]

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ELEGIAC VERSES.

NO more the linnet's warbling, soothing voice,
Or vaulting lark, can please my deafen'd ear;
No more my wound'd soul shall e'er rejoice
At all the beauties of the vernal year.
Near to some solitary, cloud-capt tow'r,
Where silent melancholy keeps her seat,
Pensive I roam, and spend the lonely hour,
Fond of no dwelling but the owl's retreat.
There, where the streaming vapors noxious rise,
And hissing adders dart their venom'd tongues;
Where toads resort, and dismal screech owl cries
Invite my steps, to count my many wrongs.
No music now can ease my troubled mind,
A mind which once from ætern misfortune free,
On pleasure's downy bosom soft reclin'd,
Ne'er thought that sorrow e'er could visit me.
But sage experience taught me to be wise,
Shew'd me how vain the thoughts of mortal man;
What griefs, anxieties, and cares arise,
Within the line of life's contracted span.
Then sweet philosophy beam'd o'er my soul,
And spread her kind influence o'er my heart;
When warring passions did tumultuous roll,
Reason step'd in, and took the friendly part.
Her lawful empire she did then assume,
Bade me the world's fantastic joys despise;
And folly banish'd, reason takes her room;
I guard my breast from folly's specious guise.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

A CHARACTER.

THERE'S none but must own that Melinda is fair,
So bright are her eyes, so enchanting her air,
Yet she's likely to die an old maid;
For she's proud and imperious to such a degree,
That all men will fly from her power to be free,
Since her lovers with scorn are repaid. ZENO.

A RECEIPT TO MAKE KISSES.

FROM rose-buds yet unblown, whose vernal morn
Perfumes the gale, unconscious of a thorn,
The purest purple of the spring prepare.—
(The rose is beauty's flower, and beauty's care.)
Crop the young violet from her scented bed,
And spoil the primrose of her velvet head.
With odours charg'd, and redolent of joy,
The hasted labors of the bee employ.
Her smiles and graces Venus must infuse,
And sprinkle thrice the whole with balmy dews.
Ye shepherds, say, is what delightful bower
Dwells this fair bud of hope, this love-born flower?
On SALLY'S lips resides the nectar'd bliss,
Which gods might taste, and mortals call a Kiss.

ON THE PROSPECT OF SPRING.

HOW long, dread WINTER! will thy cheerless gloom,
Shut out enlivening SPRING's refreshing bloom?
When will thy icy carpet quit the field,
And let "dear goddess Nature" fragrance yield?
The eye, with viewing barren prospects, tir'd,
Looks for those scenes, where nature glows admir'd,
The flow'ry meadow and the verdant lawn,
The tangled thicket and the rosy thorn.
Fatigued with tempest, from the northward howling,
And the rude frost—which sits on mountains frowning,
The heart throbs anxious for the vernal breeze,
Which blows sweet perfume from sweet scented trees.
Come genial favorite of the varied year,
Let all thy rosy beauties quick appear;
Deck the gay garden with perfuming flow'rs,
And scatter fragrance round secluded bow'rs.
Quick let the merry swallow spread its wing,
And teach the feather'd warbler 'gain to sing;
Its early note unfolds the sluggard's eyes
And bids the drowsy husbandman arise.
Come, grateful SPRING!—thy blushing charms disclose,
The pink, the tulip and the gaudy rose;
Awake delight, diffuse thy pow'rs around,
Bid thy scenes open, and thy music sound.

THE PARSON'S COW.

A Countryman on the day of the Annunciation went with his wife to church; the parson, who was called Master Constant, before he began divine service, addressed an homily to his parishioners, in which he vehemently exhorted them to charity. Among other arguments in favor of giving for the sake of God, he stated the return that would be made; "for God (says he) always repays two fold."

This reasoning had its effect upon the countryman. "Wife (said he, on leaving the church), did you attend to what our priest has just been saying? Since God pays with such interest, I have a mind to give away our cow for his sake; besides, he does not afford us much milk. What think you?"—"You will do well (answered the wife), if it be to get something more in return."

The villager in consequence of this determination, went to loosen his cow, and conducted her to the parson, whom he entreated with uplified hands to accept his gift. "It is the only one I have (said he), and I offer it to thee in the name of God." At the same time he puts into the priest's hand the halter of the beast.—Parson Constant vastly applauded this conduct of his parishioner, and heartily wished that his discourse had operated so happily on the rest.

When the countryman was gone, the Parson ordered his clerk to take the cow he had just got to the stable, and tie its horns to those of his own, that they might be used each other.—The clerk obeyed the order, and then returned.—The parson's cow continued feeding very peaceably; but the other, frightened at her association, or not liking the situation she was in, began to draw aside, and endeavor to get away. By repeated tugs, she at last drew her companion out of the cow-house, and from thence to the door of her own stable.

The countryman, who saw them arrive together, called out to his wife to be a witness to the miracle. They then congratulated themselves on their having given their cow to God, and agreed that the parson was right in saying that he repaid two fold.—Their stable, however, being too small to contain both the cows, they resolved, without delay, to get rid of the new-comer, and the countryman instantly drove it to the nearest market and sold it.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

"BETTER is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith;" or, in other words, it is better to have a moderate competency with the pleasures of mutual love, and an agreeable intercourse with those, whom we value and esteem, than vast accumulated wealth joined to profusion and extravagance, together with that hatred, strife, and envy, which so frequently accompany them. There is not perhaps a set of beings more truly unhappy than those we falsely term the great; whose pomp we see, but do not know their sorrows; so true is it, that a man's riches do not consist in the abundance; not in the quantity, but in the quality of what he possesses.

On the other hand, a well-regulated and happy family, where order and harmony are preserved, where peace, tenderness, love and affection reign, untainted with discord, unembittered by strife or animosities, where there is a constant, unwearied endeavor to serve and oblige each other; such a family is doubtless a sight well-pleasing in the eyes of that God who formed the members of it: It is an emblem (though an imperfect one) of the whole frame of nature, the glorious fabric of the universe, built, by the divine architect, whose wisdom ordained its symmetry and proportions, where each part is perfect in itself, and contributes at the same time to the beauty, magnificence, and duration of the whole.

LOVE.

ALL the passions are tyrannical, but none so visibly and outrageously as that of love. When we have given admittance to this very promising guest, for his first appearance is enchanting, he directly begins by expelling or subduing to his own will, every other passion. We no longer feel the weight of any concerns but his; which indeed are alone heavier than a multitude of others; these work upon our minds only at stated seasons; but love occupies us at all times, and leaves no room for any other avocation; woe to that mortal who inwardly thinks to use him as an agreeable friend; and dismiss him with ease and freedom, when the recreation is over. Instead of a friend, he will find him a deadly foe, for ease and freedom he will meet slavery and oppression; and for recreation, pain and sorrow.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 23, 1799.

IMPORTANT.

Capt. Clark, of the Schooner Greyhound, arrived on Thursday in 54 days from St. Lucar, has obligingly favored the Editor of the Mercantile Advertiser with a Manuscript, containing the following interesting information:

The Ottoman court at Constantinople, on the 17th of November notified all the foreign ministers that it had received by seven expresses from Egypt, that Buonaparte, having notice of a large army being in full march from Syria and other parts to attack him, held a meeting with the Beys then in Cairo, and his principal generals in the municipal house thereof; when, expatiating on the necessity of their uniting their forces to repel the army coming against them, and requiring subsidies for that purpose, the deputy of the Bey of Tripoli pulled a pistol from under his sash, and shot him dead; at which instant a crowd of the Arabs rushed in, (it being a signal preconcerted) and massacred all the French present, amongst whom were General Berthier; and another did the same by all the French in the city.

The army without fled towards Rosetta, into which ten or twelve thousand got, but were obliged to surrender, and were put to the sword, &c.

These accounts are confirmed from London, Vienna, Madrid, &c.

The Russian and Ottoman fleets have made themselves masters of Zante, Cephalonia, Corfu, and all the former Venetian islands which the French had appropriated to themselves.

At Corfu they took the French ship Genereuse which had escaped from Nelson at the battle of Alexandria; and the English ship Leander, which she had taken on her passage with Nelson's dispatches.

Malta is retaken; the island is in possession of the inhabitants for the present, under the government of the bishop.

The French got into La Valette, or the city, where they were forced to surrender for want of provisions, and were reduced to less than 3000.

They are sent to Toulon on parole, not to take up arms during the war. The English, Neapolitans, and Portuguese, are in possession of the harbor.

The French ship William Tell, of 80 guns, the Diana, and an other frigate, which had escaped from Nelson at Alexandria, were taken at Malta; so that the whole of that fleet have been taken or destroyed.

Nelson landed 7000 Neapolitan troops at Leghorn; the King of Naples entered the Roman State with 80,000 men; General Mack notified the French Generals Championnet and McDonald to withdraw from Rome and the Roman State; the King of Naples and General Mack, entered Rome, and remained for some days in full possession of it, exercising all jurisdiction thereon; but Championnet advised the Directory, that he defeated the Neapolitans the 15th of December, entered Rome the 19th, made 12,000 prisoners (says nothing of killed and wounded) took 99 pieces of cannon, 3000 horses and mules, and 15 standards and colors; that the King and Mack were the first who fled for Naples, which he intended to enter along with them, and it is reported he did the 2d January; but that the King and Royal family had got off in an English man of war to Palermo in Sicily, but this wants confirmation.

The blockade of Cadiz, is carried on very strictly, under command of Lord Keith Elphinstone. Ten sail of the line were expected daily to reinforce it, under Admiral Onslow. Several Americans are detained in the fleet, and many sent to other ports, as well as ships of other nations. A schooner from Salem, shipped unsees into Cadiz with Cocoa, Coffee, Sugar, and Baccalaw in bbls. 'Tis said that Jervis (who is at Gibraltar) is to go to replace Nelson, who comes to the blockade, which gives the inhabitants of Cadiz no small uneasiness.

An American sailor taken on board an English brig, laden with herrings, is detained by the French Consul at Cadiz, to be sent to France, to take his trial as a pirate.

The King of Spain is laying hands on all foundations of hospitals, and telling them; the money to be paid into the sinking fund, under a promise of 3 per cent.

The discount on Notes fluctuating between 25 and 28 per cent. 10th.

Left at St. Lucar, ship Columbus, Capt. Pell, from India, intended for Cadiz.

At Cadiz, the brig Eliza and Mary, and the ship -----, Capt. Barker, from Amboy.

By the brig Quebec, Capt. Chester, who left Martinique the 1st inst. we learn that the frigate United States, Commodore Barry, had arrived there on the 28th ult. with an English ship from Europe, which she had recaptured from a French privateer. The English ship had just been taken by the French privateer, after a severe action; and was left in such a state of confusion, that she killed and wounded remained on deck till after her arrival at Martinique. This we have from one of the hands--not being able to see the Captain.

We have seen a letter from Martinique which confirms the above capture.

Another letter of the same date, mentions, that Commodore Barry had brought in both the prize and privateer.

Captain Cutter, of the ship Andromache, arrived here on Thursday morning, left Cork on the 4th of January. We have no papers, nor a word of news by this arrival respecting Ireland.

On the 27th of February, in lat. 24, long. 65. Captain C. fell in with the schr. Sally, of Kennebunk, commanded by Capt. James Snow, from St. Kitts. This vessel, ten days before, had been captured by a French privateer belonging to Hispaniola, and was then steering for that port, by order of the privateer. On being approached by the Andromache, she hoisted French colours. Capt. Cutter fired a gun, brought her to, sent three men on board, confined the Frenchmen, and gave the schooner's papers up to the Captain, who proceeded with the Andromache, for this port. After keeping company for four days, parted in a gale of wind--She may be expected hourly, unless the Captain should think it most advisable to steer for Kennebunk, her destined port. [Daily Gaz.

[From a Philadelphia paper of Wednesday.]

A gentleman who arrived in town last evening from Haverhill's, where a meeting of a number of the dissatisfied persons from the counties of Bucks, Northampton and Montgomery, was held on Monday, informs us, that at that meeting (which consisted of about two hundred persons,) a disposition of unconditional submission to the laws of the United States was uniformly manifested; and that, so far from resistance, the parties who were arrested by the Marshal, and afterwards rescued, are some of them now on their way to this city. By the report of a committee from the several counties, a resolution corresponding with the above, was entered into.

Our informant adds, that he conversed with Fries, who was one of the principals of those misguided people, and that he declared his determination to submit to the proper authorities. He also believes the same determination was prevalent amongst all who were at the meeting; some of whom were from that part of Northampton, where the greatest violence prevailed.

He also says, that Messrs. Kern, Hartzell and Conrbach are expected in town this day, when we may expect to be more particularly informed of the proceedings of the meeting.

[From a Charleston paper.]

The brig Two Brothers, of Africa, Capt. Schow, from Lisbon, which place he left on the 11th of November, on her passage, in lat. 37. long. 59. met with a severe gale of wind, which carried away both masts, the rudder, two men, and every thing upon deck. The crew were then unable to guide the vessel, and she drifted at the mercy of the waves into the West Indies. On the 25th of January one of the people died with hunger, and it was agreed by the crew on board to cut him into pieces and eat him, when fortunately, on the 26th, fell in with the schooner Aurora, Capt. Cowles, of Boston, bound to Charleston, from Demerara, which supplied them with provisions and necessities, and took the vessel in tow to the edge of the Gulf where the cable broke in the night, when the vessel drifted again, until she fell in with a coaster from Charleston to Georgetown, commanded by Capt. Harrison, who supplied the people on board with water, and piloted the vessel into Bull's Bay. The crew were without water seven days, and for six days eat only a cat, and some rats.

Messrs. Bunell, we understand by a letter from himself, has taken his passage, in company with Dr. Stevens, special agent of the United States, and Mr. Meyer, former Consul at that place, in order to return to the Cape. We further learn, that as soon as Gen. Toussaint prohibits the privateers of the island from committing further depredations on our commerce, the vessels of the United States will be again permitted to carry on trade with St. Domingo. [Balt. Gaz.

COURT of HYMEN.

HAIL! wedded love! where Hymen's silken bands,
In closest ties, joins hearts as well as hands!
In mutual fondness, long, long may they live
Possess'd of ev'ry joy this world can give
And when Death summons, may they, hand in hand,
Finish their course, and reach the promis'd LAND.

MARRIED

At Fish-Kill Landing, on Sunday the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Van Vranken, Mr. THOMAS THOMPSON, to Miss DEBORAH MITCHELL, both of that place.

At the Friends' Meeting, on Wednesday the 13th inst. CALES NEWBOLD, Esq. of New-Jersey, to SARAH GREEN, of this city.

At Poughkeepsie, on Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Baldwin, Mr. ABRAHAM BRINKERHOFF, jun. to Miss MARIA PLATT, daughter of Judge Platt, of that place.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Pilmore, Mr. JOHN STOUT, to Miss MARY MESS, both of this city.

NEW THEATRE.

THIS EVENING will be PRESENTED,
The very POPULAR PLAY, of, The
CASTLE SPECTRE.

Written by M. G. LEWIS, Esq. M. P. Author of the Monk, &c.

Osmond,	Mr Barrett,
Reginald,	Mr Hallam,
Frcy,	Mr Cooper,
Father Philip,	Mr Bates,
Kenrick,	Mr Hallam, jun.
Mosley,	Mr Jefferson,
Haffen,	Mr Martin,
Saib,	Mr Miller,
Muley,	Mr Perkins,
Angela,	Mrs Barrett,
Alice,	Mrs Hogg,
Evelina,	Miss E. Westray,

To which will be added,

A COMIC OPERA, in 4 Acts, called, The
DOUBLE DISGUISE,
OR, THE IRISH CHAMBERMAID.

On Monday Evening will be Presented,
The celebrated TRAGEDY of
HAMLET.

With ENTERTAINMENTS.

Vivat Respublica.

NEW NOVELS

For sale by John Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

Amelia or the Monk—and now, that he was well and again restored to me, I had nothing but happiness before me. Alas! how little do we know how fortune varies her favors, and dispenses a chequered scene to most mortals!—I could not divest myself of extreme partiality for Eugene, and found a pleasure in his company, which I had never experienced from the frivolity of a Frenchman; and when the most sensible remarks, and the tenderest attentions, were received from a man whose external appearance bespoke the nobler qualities of his mind, my heart gave the truest testimony to his merits; nor did I affect to disown them to my dear Madame du Frene; to her I had confided all my grief, and all my joy. She would allow me to expatiate on the merits of my beloved Eugene with all the glow of affection which warmed my breast; she loved me too tenderly to check the fond effusions which afforded me so



COURT of APOLLO.

THE SAILOR

YOU men on the land, from the King to Jack Ketch,
All join and suppose that a Sailor's a wretch,
That his life is a scene of vexation and woe,
With always too much or too little to do,
In the dead of the night when other men sleep,
He starboard and larboard his watches must keep;
Imprison'd by Neptune, he lives like a dog,
And to know what he is must depend on a log.
He must first in a calm and fight in a storm,
In winter much trouble to keep himself warm;
In the heat of the summer he follows his trade,
And naught but his topmast to yield him a shade,
Then add to the list of the mariner's evils,
The water corrupted the bread full of weavils;
Salt junk to be eat, be it better or worse,
And often bull beef of an Irishman's horse.
Altho' he is free he must still be a slave,
Despotic is always the rule of the wave,
Not pleas'd with saltwater, ye lads on the main,
Despise the republican doctrines of Paine;
And each like the despot of Prussia may say
That his crew has no right but a right to obey.
Thus argue the landmen, but Sinbad well knows,
Things are not so bad as these lubbers suppose;
If the sea has its storms, it has also its calms,
There's a time to sing songs, and a time to sing psalms,
Then give me a vessel well timber'd and found,
Her bottom well plank'd and her rigging well found;
If her sails are but good and her oakum swell'd tight,
From such lubbers as you I will fear with delight.
You say it's a prison by way of abusing,
But if it's a prison, it's one of my choosing,
At sea I would rather have Neptune my jailor,
Than a lubber on shore who despises a sailor,
Do you ask me what pleasure I find on the sea?
Why absence from land is a pleasure to me;
A hamper of porter and plenty of grog,
A friend on occasion to give me a jog;
A coop that will always some poultry afford,
Some bottles of gin, and no parson on board;
A crew that is brisk when it happens to blow,
A compass on deck and another below;
A girl with good sense and modesty bred,
To read me a novel and make up my bed.
The man that has this has treasures in store,
Unknown to the lubber that lives upon shore.
But if it should happen that commerce grow dull,
Or Neptune grow crusty and batter my hull,
Or should damage my cargo and get me aground,
Or pay me a farthing instead of a pound,
Why then if the honest plain truth I must tell,
I would sheer home my topsails and bid you farewell.

MORALIST.

ON FLATTERY.

THE heart has no avenue so open as that of Flattery,
which, like enchantment, lays all its guards asleep.—
He that reviles me calls me fool, but he that flatters me
will, if I take not heed, make me one. This is the coin
most current among mankind, the only benefit of which
is that by hearing what we are not, we may learn what we
ought to be.

Please not thyself the flattering crowd to hear,
'Tis fulsome stuff to please thy itching ear;
Survey thy soul, not what thou dost appear,
But what thou art.—

Nothing misbecomes the man
Who would be thought a friend, like flattery.
Flattery's the meanest kind of base dissembling,
And only us'd to catch the grossest fools.

So exceedingly gross was the flattery and adulation paid
to Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, by his mean and despicable
courtiers, that they are reported to have licked up his
spittle, declaring it was sweeter than nectar and ambrosia.

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MOND, or the SECRET WITNESS, by the author of
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cal faith, and as it is by it alone, we can judge, with pro-
priety of the conduct of our Representatives, it ought to
be in the possession of every individual, who pretends to
dispute about politics. 48--1f.

SALE BY MORTGAGE.

WHEREAS James McLaughry, by an assignment or
instrument of writing, bearing date the 11th day of May
one thousand seven hundred and ninety eight, did assign,
transfer, and let over unto Henry Felthousen, a certain in-
denture of lease, and all and singular the premises therein
contained; which lease contains all that certain lot of
ground, situate, lying and being in the seventh ward of the
city of New-York, and known and distinguished in a cer-
tain map or chart thereof made among other lots, by Cas-
imer Th. Goerck, by Lot number 495. Bounded westerly
in front by Second-Street, easterly in the rear by lot num-
ber 2, northerly by lot no. 496, and southerly by lot no.
494—Containing in breadth in front and rear each 25 feet,
and in length on each side 75. To have and to hold the
same from first day of May 1796, for 20 years, under cer-
tain Covenants, rents and conditions in the lease annexed to
the said mortgage mentioned and contained: Provided
nevertheless that if the said James should pay to the
said Henry fifty dollars on the first day of November last,
pursuant to a certain sealed bill, bearing even date with the
said assignment, then the said assignment was declared to be
void; but if default should happen to be made in the said
payment, then the said Henry was declared to have full
power to sell and dispose of the said lease and premises at
auction. And whereas default hath been made in the
payment of the said money. Now therefore notice is
hereby given that the said indenture of lease and premises,
and all right and title of the said James thereto will be
sold at public auction on the premises, on the tenth day of
September next, at twelve o'clock at noon of the same day,
for the purpose of satisfying the principal and interest due
on the said bill. Dated this 7th day of March 1799.
49--6m. HENRY FELTHOUSEN.

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Best scented Marechalle,
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Orange flower,
Rose,
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Ess. Anticorbutic, for the
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Best Naples,
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Arquebuse, for swellings,
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